

THE **GLENER**



SUMMER ISSUE
JULY • 1945

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THE GLEANER—JULY, 1945

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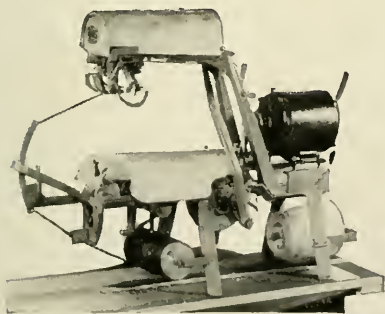
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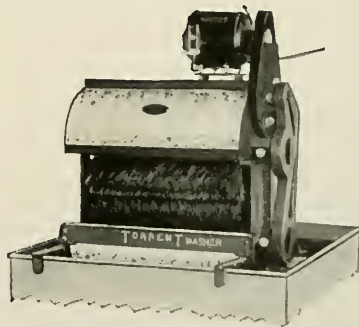
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THE PLENNER



*A Publication Arranged and Edited
By the Students of*

THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
Farm School, Pa.

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DEDICATION:

*To our recent Dean, W. O. Strong, who is leaving the
School to manage his own farm at Horsham, Penna.*

Editorial

SINCE our entrance into Farm School in March, nineteen forty-three, we seniors have observed a definite improvement in the physical structure of the school. This program of improvement has been accentuated in the past two years under the guidance of a rejuvenated administration.

Certain departments of the school have made remarkable progress in keeping up with the times. The addition of a new baler culminates a long list of new machinery added to the equipment of General Agriculture.

The Dairy is undergoing complete electrification. A new well is being dug, the barns are being washed and painted, and all walks are being cemented.

Poultry now stores its eggs in a very convenient and modern storage room recently built by Mr. Meisler. The department also possesses a most desirable range near Featherbed Hill.

Horticulture, with the addition of new blood is finally coming out of the "horse and buggy days," and is slowly becoming mechanized.

This bright outlook, however, has its sore spots. There are very few truck farms in the country which do not utilize some form of irrigation. It is of the utmost necessity, if Farm School is to produce truck crops on a business basis, that an irrigation system be installed for use by the Horticulture Department.

There has also been much "talk" of hiring a bulldozer to get rid of many unpleasant sights that meet the eyes of visitors inspecting our grounds and fields. Appearance undoubtedly means a great deal to a school that is supported by philanthropic contributions.

Another improvement in the appearance of the school and of the Landscape Department, would be the planting of a nursery along the highway from the Alumni House to the roadside market. This would replace the tract of pasture land now used as a nursery by that department. This would prove a most profitable step forward for the school.

We are certain that the students and hired help would greatly appreciate the construction of manure carriers for use in the poultry and dairy departments. It is also time that the dairy pastures be raised to the high standards required by our fine milking herd.

The Greenhouse has done a commendable job considering the lack of hired help. Here, too, there is room for improvement. In the past ten years, a method has been developed whereby flowers have been grown outside under cheesecloth houses. This method was tried at school and proved to be very profitable. It has, nevertheless, been discontinued.

The only way to produce good farmers is to teach efficient production. We offer these suggestions and constructive criticisms with the sincere hope that Farm School may someday become a model for all Agricultural schools and colleges. We realize that this goal can only be accomplished through closest co-operation between student body and administration. We, the students, will do our utmost to fulfill our obligations to The Farm School.

—GIL KATZ

President's Message

FARM SCHOOL CARRIES ON



HAT is happening at N. F. S. is little short of remarkable in consideration of conditions. A survey of the past year at the school will show certain accomplishments that are at least unusual. Our student body was the smallest in recent years, but this could be both predicted and explained. Our help situation was constantly disrupted because of war exigencies. And nature was very unkind in the brand of weather it handed out. The pleasing aspect of the situation was the way in which all concerned accepted our adversities and made the best of them.

In sports the school did the almost impossible by carrying on without interruption our regular program of major sports, even though we had scarcely enough pupils to serve our daily details. Each one, by working a little harder, contributed his share to our success.

We introduced, for the first time at the school, a program of intramural athletics as a part of the regular schedule of school activities, with every pupil participating. This is a practical demonstration of the physical fitness program which must be a part of the post-war activity of every school.

A fine illustration of our persistence is the school band. There have been occasions when the band contained more persons than our entire present student body, but our boys stuck together for whatever can be made of the existing situation. Another example is the continued publication of this journal, "The Gleaner," notwithstanding the overcrowded schedules of our upper classmen, and the small staff available for extra activities.

Some other innovations have made the past year outstanding. We have a working arrangement with the Jewish Agricultural Society whereby members of their staff give worthy lectures to our students. We cannot overestimate the importance of this co-operation. Also, the recent months have seen the installation of veterans as students. The number is small but is sure to increase, with every possible consideration given to the needs of this group.

Not the least important innovation was the opening of the students' canteen, which has proved itself a fine opportunity for good fellowship under planned management.

The N. F. S. has been able to hold up its head and to live, small but prosperous, through these "hard times."

It all adds up to the fine spirit of interest and loyalty which pervades our school.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Anna Kuehn".



DEAN W. O. STRONG

— DEDICATION —

We dedicate this issue of The Gleaner to our recent Dean, W. O. Strong, who has left us to manage his own farm at Horsham, Pennsylvania.

During recent years when production was so accentuated, Mr. Strong was one of the few people who realized Farm School's obligations as an educational institution. He was ever ready with sincere advice for boys fresh from the city or for Farm School graduates entering into the world of agriculture. Mr. and Mrs. Strong always treated us with true Southern hospitality. We wish them the greatest success in their new undertaking.

The student body wishes to acknowledge the fine service that Mr. Strong has rendered to the National Farm School.

MY COUNTRY: AMERICA

DANIEL TANNENBAUM

A nation with historic might,
A land so close to freedom's light
A place so dear to everyone
My country—America.

By land, by sea, and in the air
Defending a home to us so fair,
We fight a war for freedom's sake
My country—America.

Some day the end of war will come
A peace that's loved by everyone,
Will bring the dawn of glorious
hope
My country—America.

Yes, we have ventured far and
near
Striving to attain freedom from
fear
A land of brotherhood, unlimited
strength
My country—America.

A place where white and black will
live
In harmonious peace, with love to
give.
Some day all will realize this
My country—America.

At present many things are wrong
We hope and pray 'tis not for long
For soon the world will follow suit
My country—America.

Christian, Protestant, Negro, Jew,
Raise your voices in tribute to
A nation of potential bliss
My country—America.



POISON IVY

NAT KUSNITZ

It's not an easy task for a city boy to become acquainted to country life in just a few days. One of the most important things that he must acquaint himself with is poison ivy. He probably never saw the plant before, but sooner or later he will understand what the plant can do to him.

The plant itself is known by several names such as, markweed, poison creeper, climbing sumac, and mercury. It is often confused with the poison-oak. The ivy however grows under shrubs, bushes, vines and nearly any place in the open. The way to remember the poison-ivy plant is that its leaf itself is divided into three leaflets. Two of the leaflets are opposite each other and are short stalked, the third being long stalked. On the upper surface of the leaflets the color appears to be a dark green, the under surface being lighter in color. Another method known in identifying poison-ivy is that the leaflets have an irregular margin with deep notches on the side.

The plants produce fruits having five petaled yellowish green flowers in the early summer. It is then followed by small, smooth, roundish green fruits, which become white as they mature.

When a person comes in contact with the plant the poison on the plant is transferred to the individual. This poison is known as toxicinendrol, which is an oily substance. All parts of the plant contain this poison. The infection of the poison upon the individual may appear from within a few hours or may be delayed for more than five days after contact with the plant. One of the symptoms that will appear at this time will be itching of the infected areas. The victim may begin scratching thus forming small blisters. Swelling in various degrees may ensue.

For those who are sensitive to poison-ivy here is some advice. No one is immune to poison ivy! Each individual varies in his susceptibility to the poison of this dangerous plant. If infected, the poison that is on the skin should be removed as soon as possible. Thorough washing of the infected skin with hot water and common laundry soap is a good remedy. If one is not careful in washing it off, he may spread the poison to other parts of the body. Use running water and work up a good lather on the skin. This process should be performed at least twice a day. Don't forget the fingernails.

The Horticulture Department will be using a spray this year guaranteed to eradicate poison ivy.



OUTLOOK FOR 1945

DEAN W. O. STRONG

FROM a world point of view, the outlook is changing almost daily. As we come close to home, however, the situation remains quite constant and optimistic. The crop season opened with fine prospects following a long winter with an unusually good cover of snow.

Erosion, heaving and loss of nitrogen was very small. Our land is in excellent condition to produce food, feed, and fibre crops to meet the record breaking demands of military, foreign relief needs, and civilian requirements.

Now that the war in Europe is over, the consumer income is expected to be somewhat lower than in nineteen forty-four. Also, the national income and net farm income will be down ten to fifteen per cent below nineteen forty-four.

To offset this indicated lower income, farm machinery, fertilizer, supplies, and transportation will be more adequate than in nineteen forty-four. Farm labor, however, will remain scarce and high priced.

Nevertheless, nineteen forty-five will be a profit making year for farmers if good management, aggressiveness and conservation are practiced.

NINETEEN FORTY-FIVE PRODUCTION AT N. F. S.

With the above general situation focused on Farm School's acres and flocks, the outlook is most encouraging. During the past three years, the entire six hundred acres of crop land has been treated with one to three applications of manure reinforced with twenty per cent superphosphate. Nearly every field has been limed.

As a result, an excellent growth of alfalfa, clover, timothy, and small grains prevails. With normal rainfall, outstanding crops of potatoes and corn are expected as beautiful clover and mixed grass sods were plowed under.

From the use of more and better hay, well managed pastures, careful selection and good care, outstanding milk records are being made. April D. H. I. A. (Dairy Herd Improvement Association) showed twenty-three cows on the honor roll, (over fifty pounds butter fat).

The poultry department will soon be recovered from last fall's setback. All laying houses will be full this fall with birds from high laying strains. The only dark spot in our outlook is in the Horticulture Department. The spring frosts have severely damaged the apple crop.

However, the Landscape and Greenhouse Department will exceed its anticipated income.



IT CAN BE DONE!

ALVIN DANENBERG '45

For years, even today, the old experienced turkey raiser has resigned himself to the fact that when turkeys are six weeks old most of the mortality has been deducted. Without the slightest indication of concern they merely take it for granted that there are a certain amount of birds that will die when they are six weeks old. "Weakness of the Strain," they call it.

Even when just a few die after the sixth week, they are immediately shipped to the State Pathologist or Professional Laboratory to be examined. Now I don't maintain that there is definitely something wrong with these organizations, nor what they stand for, as a matter of fact I believe there should be more of them, I sincerely advocate them. But there are all kinds of bacteria and germ matter within the poult's body and these will show up in tests taken after the poult has lain dead for some time enroute to these bureaus.

Now here is the amazing, phenomenal, psychological side of it. Turkeys have a faculty of being very nervous, flighty and "high strung." They also become very attached to a place where they have been for a week or longer, such as a brooder room or battery. When they are moved they must be shown how to drink and eat all over again. In some instances turkeys are moved very often and each time they are, they must be taught to eat.

A turkey, when it has been moved, must acquaint itself with new and different surroundings. Some turkeys are very dumb and will not always return to the waterers after they have been placed next to them.

Now here are the basic principles that cause the death of the poult (as found by years of private

observation and experimentation along these very, psychological lines). Turkeys become very nostalgic for their old homes. When moved they are nervous, ill at ease and frustrated. They scare very easily and will panic at the slightest scrape, weird noise, or even a piece of paper that has blown about with the wind.

They lack perseverance and ambition, or aggressiveness, that makes them seek the water or feed when they have been moved to new spots or locations. They give up very easily after a short while and lay down weakly to die. They become morose and mope about the pen sadly. (A rainy or foggy day will even further this melancholy nostalgia.)

You will find that most farmers move their birds out to range when they are six weeks old and possess a full set of small feathers. It is because of the afore-mentioned facts that there are certain birds dying or looking sickly. The possibility of disease infection is highly improbable if there has been no foregoing symptoms such as diarrhea, dead and dying baby poults.

It has also been discovered that if these birds are removed instantly when found and placed in a different environment where there is a bit of heat, feed, and water, (it doesn't matter where nor how far they are placed) they will lose their nostalgia as if they had been placed back into their old homes.

There are many incidentals related to habits of the wild turkey that lie inherent within the domesticated fowl and are liable to dominate many circumstances over which the raiser has no control and cannot compete with, unless he has really studied and acquainted himself with his birds.

The most important part of raising any kind of livestock is knowing your animals and their evolution.

SPORT SHORTS

KATZ and TANNENBAUM

Baseball got off to a doubtful start this year at N. F. S. After weeks of debating whether or not to have a team, Coach Samuels finally issued a call for varsity material. After selecting eleven men for the team, baseball practice began in earnest.

The team had a fine working nucleus in such veterans as Dan Tannenbaum, Al Nerenberg, Nat Kusnitz and Vince Catanzaro.

In his official capacity as acting president of the School, Mr. Samuels had little time to spend with the team.

The boys put in lots of hard work and were keyed up for the season's opener.

LANGHORNE TROUNCES FARMERS, 9 - 0

Under typical football weather conditions, the Farm School nine was overwhelmed by Langhorne High School.

The team was a great disappointment to onlookers because of the lack of traditional Farm School spirit.

FARM SCHOOL WINS OPENER, 6 - 5

The baseball season opened officially at N. F. S. on May 6, when the Green and Gold nine played Temple University High School of Philadelphia.

Led by Dan Tannenbaum's steady pitching, the "Bulldogs" eked out a 6 - 5 victory in a closely contested game.



FARMERS DROP THRILLER TO WILLIAMSON TRADE, 7 - 5

Although our boys lost the last game of the season, it was an exciting affair. Farm School came to bat in the last half inning of the game trailing by a score of 7-1. With two out "Glass-arm" Katz came up as a pinch hitter. He worked the pitcher for a walk and then stole second. "Glass-arm" scored on a single by Goretsky and Catanzaro walked. Goretsky scored the second run of the inning when the third baseman muffed Nerenberg's hot grounder. Pitcher Tannenbaum followed with a solid single into center field, scoring Catanzaro; Kusnitz singled over second base. Fuller was barely nipped at first base for the final out.

Considering the size of the student body and the talent on hand, we are not ashamed of our record.

BULLDOGS NIP ALUMNI, 2 - 1

On April 29, the Farm School Alumni organized a team to give the varsity nine a pre-season workout.

The game very unexpectedly developed into a pitcher's duel between Bernie Zeigler of the Alumni and Dan Tannenbaum of the Farm School varsity.

The final score after four innings of play was 2 - 1 in favor of the varsity.

N. F. S. BOWS TO BRYN ATHYN ACADEMY, 7 - 3

Bryn Athyn won its first game on Farm School territory in three years when they beat our "Bulldogs" 7 - 3.

Farm School got off to a good start, leading 1 - 0 at the last half of the third inning. Slipshod fielding gave Bryn Athyn seven runs.

Many men were left on base when the "Farmers" failed to hit in the clutch.

The home team committed eight errors in the field and showed a distinct lack of stability in the pinch.

The steadying influence of Tannenbaum and Nerenberg just couldn't pull the team through.



THRU THE HOOP

Farm School can proudly flaunt its 1945 basketball record of eight games won and three lost. Our team succeeded nobly in upholding the Green and Gold athletic tradition. After losing all but two members of the varsity with the season but a week old, Mr. Samuels molded a "bunch of scrimes" into a winning basketball team.

Congratulations for a job well done!



ATTENTION! ALL POTENTIAL MUSCLE-MEN

Do you want to transform your body from the condition it is in now, to a body of sheer solid muscle? Don't say it's impossible! It's been tried and proven that working out with weights is the quickest and safest way to acquire manly physique.

The students at The National Farm School are fortunate to have the opportunity to gain strength by the method of weight training.

The Weightlifting Club is now open for membership. The club room is located on the second floor of Ullman Hall. Anyone is eligible for admission to the club. All we

ask of you is to join the club with the attitude that you will put forth your best for the goal you wish to reach.

The time you spend training will not interfere with your studies. Remember that Hugo Bezdek said at one of our Chapel meetings. "There comes a time in every boy's life when he should devote some of his time to build his body, not only for the appearance, but also for the health of the individual." Let's all take his advice. Join the Weightlifting Club.

For further information see Al. Nerenberg.

—NERENBERG

G A G R I C U L T U R E

RED FINK



Katz: Name a great time-saver.

Jaffee: Love at first time.

* * * * *

Bert Yollin: I'm burning with love for you.

Marcia: Oh don't make a "fuel" of yourself.

* * * * *

Hoffman: Who gave you that black eye?

Sherman: What do ya mean gave—I had to fight for it.

* * * * *

Did you hear of the conscientious nudist who drove into a nudist colony and stripped gears?

* * * * *

Mutt Rubin still can't figure out why they cure hams when they aren't even sick.

* * * * *

Werner Kronthal stayed up all night studying for his blood-test the following morning.

* * * * *

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don't compliment her too highly.

* * * * *

Up to sixteen a lad is a boy scout. After that he's a girl scout.

* * * * *

Did Yollin's poem have a good ending?

Sure, everybody was glad it was over.

* * * * *

Mr. Schmieder: You can't sleep in my class!

Middlepoop: If you didn't talk so loud I could.

* * * * *

Mr. Klein: Fink, are you pursuing your studies faithfully?

Fink: Yes, indeed. I'm always behind.

* * * * *

Brenner: I suppose that all geniuses are conceited.

Yollin: Some of them are. But I'm not.

* * * * *

Mazen's head is like a door knob.

How come?

Any girl can turn it.

CAMPUS BRIEFS

HUBERT YOLLIN

Now that the warm weather is definitely here, it is only natural for us to keep a look out for some of the things that we are used to seeing about this time of year. True, we see the birds, the bees, and the flowers; we see the Mutts slowly wending their way around "Mutt" Lane — but something is definitely missing; in fact, the campus doesn't quite seem the same.

Yes, I guess we'd all do an extra dairy detail to see lil' ole "Shrimp" Moritz skirting round the campus on the Toro. But all is well anyway, because Mr. Fiesser is doing a swell job of holding down the fort. While we are on the subject, Ralphie is now wearing Navy Blue.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Klein on the birth of their new daughter, Judith. This new little Farm School co-ed was born on May 10, at 1 o'clock in the morning. (That makes two, Mr. Klein—just two more daughters and you'll be up to Mr. Fickes.)

At last the Rolls-Royce which sits in the Farm Mechanics Building has been put to good use. It seems as if one of Farm School's many cats was the proud mother of two little kittens born on the back-seat of the car. Although we have no proof, we feel safe in saying that Rinso is the father. We caught him handing out cigars.

As another year rolls by, we would like to wish Samowitz a very happy birthday.

If the call boys will just stay in there pitching, it won't be long before we have our own tennis court all fixed up and as good as new. Mr. Klein announces that he will meet all comers as soon as it is ready.

The Gleaner staff joins with the students in wishing the best of luck to Abe Cohen, who left last month for the U. S. Navy. I'm sure that

we all agree that Abe was about the finest worker and most conscientious instructor that Farm School has ever seen.

Flash! Herb Sherman is now a licensed driver. Yes, folks, only thirty-nine cents at Pep Boys.

Walt, Norm Myers' son, left a few weeks ago for Sampson, N. Y. He is in the Navy and our very best to him.

The latest report is that if Ralph Wilson, Norm's right hand man, stays at Farm School much longer, G. A. will have no further use for their manure spreaders.

The student body is anxiously awaiting the dance, this June 23rd and 24th. It will certainly not be the most lavish affair put on by Farm School, but like all of our other social functions, a good time is guaranteed.

Speaking of socials, unknown talent was discovered at the Freshman Shindig. It was held at No. 7 farm this year and there was plenty of food, plenty of entertainment, and plenty of fun.

Horticulture's newly organized tractor destroyer corps is smashing their way to new goals with Catanzaro and Kusnitz as Commanders-in-chief. Motto: "Nothing can stand in our path."

The call boys' sweetheart has left. Good luck, June Cassel, in your new job.

Wuxtra, Wuxtra, read all about it. "Coffee" just pressed 500 lbs.

Mr. Meisler, formerly head of the Poultry Department, has resigned. The entire student body wishes to express its appreciation for the extreme patience and interest he showed in educating and preparing us for our futures as farmers of America. May his future endeavors on his own Poultry enterprise be richly rewarded.

Orchids to Ruthie Fox upon her graduation from Doylestown High School. "She's a big girl now."

It gives us a great deal of pleasure to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson on the birth of a brand new tractor-man. This young fellow was born last month and weighed seven and a half pounds.

Some of us are still trying to figure out why Raymond Rice, of the Poultry Department, has been going around humming "Rock-a-bye Baby." All right Ray, at ease.

Farm School is about to lose one of its Department associates. Mr. Fickes, our herdsman, has only been at Farm School a little over a year but in that time, he has gained the respect and admiration of every student here. He has done a great deal for the Dairy Department through his knowledge, both theoretical and practical. He believes in the most modern methods, and practices them. We feel confident that any position he takes on next will be a success. You will certainly be missed, Mr. Fickes, and the best of luck to you.

June thirtieth and July first once again mark the Annual Reunion of the Alumni Association. The students are always glad when the Alumni come to Farm School because they always prove to be a swell bunch of fellows, both young and old. Most of the Alumni have a pleasant surprise coming to them when they see the Alumni house. It has undergone a complete metamorphosis and now it really looks beautiful. A green and gold banner to the persons who did such a splendid job.

Although the scrimers aren't worth it, perhaps a few words should be said about the Mutts numbering fifteen strong. They are slowly becoming united under the leadership of Marvin Pearlstein, their president. Other class officers are Peter Fuller, vice-president; Paul Burkholder, secretary and treasurer. The class expects to have a lot of fun while taking advantage

of the many opportunities that Farm School has to offer.

A connection has been made whereby Farm School students may get Navy reject "T" shirts stenciled with the words, National Farm School, and the school seal. The price is extremely low and a Farm School "T" shirt is something that we have been wishing for for months.

Happy days are ahead this summer, for again the school has made arrangements for a season ticket to the Forest Park swimming pool. The cost is but twenty-five cents per student, a price which hardly seems worth mentioning. The school authorities pay the difference.

Thanks to the special interest shown by Mr. Klein, we will have movies again this year. These movies, which will be shown every week throughout the summer, will be of a much higher quality than previously. The movies were very popular last year and should prove even more of a hit this year. We would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to Mr. Ben Sherman, Herb Sherman's dad, who arranged the bookings.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Board of Trustees takes place Saturday and Sunday, June 24th and 25th.



INTRAMURALS

The intramural program has concluded a very successful winter of volley ball, box-ball, and novelty sports. We are looking forward to a very enjoyable soft-ball season this spring. The Varsity club has drawn up three well balanced soft-ball teams. Games are scheduled every Monday and Thursday evening and Saturday morning.

Herb Sherman, president of the Varsity Club, will welcome all ideas and suggestions from the fellows for the improvement of Intramural Athletics.

THE COMMA

ZEKE D. GREEK

I shall endeavor at this time to instruct you, fellow English lovers, in the correct way to use the comma.

I shall go into the comma at length and discuss the finer points about it. I am sure you will all enjoy what I have to say. If you don't, that's (heh) (heh) just too bad, isn't it??

Most of you believe that a comma is a sort of trance one goes into after sniffing of the "bar rag" for about four hours with the right foot attached none too steadily upon a brass rail. (What the brass rail has to do with it I'll never know (hic!).

However, my point in making this speech is not to quarrel, or have fights, or lengthy discussions upon liquid refreshments. I hope you will all forgive me if I seem in a hurry tonight but Joe is closing early and you know how this weather is on colds.

Ahem!! To get back to the discussion on commas. Just make yourself comfortable and we will proceed.

Webster says, a comma is a punctuation point. I don't know why Webster has to stick his nose into everybody's business, but, according to him we must punctuate the positive, eradicate the negative, and finally, eliminate.

In writing and printing, the comma is a point denoting the shortest pause in reading and separating a sentence into divisions or members, according to the construction. If one had a sentence like this—"El Dominae, Correstus Testiclatum Minealae Norum Dedicate School!!"—the comma would not be needed because no one knows what the heck you're talking about anyway.

Then there is the Greek who was a wise guy and discovered that the cholera baccillus looks somewhat like a comma and hence the name Grapta Comma Album or, in the higher circles, Commanden Baccillus Cholera Enterohepatitus Encephalomyelitis. The key to the whole business is the fact that it ain't what you do it's the way that you spell it.

In a recent magazine article written specifically for the "boiling borsht" Dr. C. U. Laterr denounced all those people who had committed suicide in the past year. He also made it plain that he did not have to be driven to drink, he made his own. It was called "enamel nok-r" because he made it in the bathtub and it took the enamel as well as the ring with it.

It was in this same article that Dr. Laterr emphasized the fact that the comma is the most widely used punctuation point in the complete existence of mankind up to the present time. A punctuation point even greater than that of the swift kick.

As history will have it, and they most certainly can, the comma originated in the dark jungles of Somaliland. It was in this country that the natives used to beat their animals until they were in a comma. These were the first really civilized natives. It wasn't until 1855 that, on a long trek through the gold coast country in Eastern Africa, the comma was really recognized. It seems as though the explorer, who was not mentioned in the text, came upon a group of men yelling, "seven comma eleven!!" This has been reported as the first true use of the comma in everyday dealings.

Now then, suppose we are bound to make use of the bothersome comma in our everyday existence. First we compose a letter in our heads. Then we wipe it out of our minds with a flourish like that of drawing the knife across the jugular vein in the neck. Hence we start over again.

We have the letter. There it is. All smeared with dirty, filthy, scrimy commas such as we have never before seen in our lives. N'est ce' pas?

Upon remittance of the original copy to the writer for corrections, it was unwelcomingly slammed back into the writer's face with curses!! After wiping the hate, bitterness, and the letter from his sordid pan, the writer withdraws into seclusion never to see the light of the sun again.

All this because of the lowly comma.

And, in later years, we find the originator of the copy that caused the downfall of such a solid citizen of the community, and what is he doing? Pray look you upon him, he is squeezing the "bar rag" into empty bottles, that stand row upon row upon row upon row. Millions of them all waiting to be filled and capped. They will be sapped by thirsty patrons later.

And so ladies and gentlemen of "the society of the community for the prevention of mistreatment to the king's English and allied tortures and local 309 of the gingham bar rag manufacturing company," I bid you a fond farewell and hope that the next time I return to speak to you on the comma or allied subjects you will have something, shall I say, just a little, just a wee bit stronger, than orange juice?

Thank you!

(This has been the presentation of the Sphinx Pictures Co., Inc., "if it's a bad picture, it's Sphinx".)



TREES

I think that I shall never see, a boy that quite appeals to me; a boy who doesn't flirt and tease, a boy who always tries to please; a boy who doesn't ever wear a slab of grease upon his hair; or who keeps his shirt tail in; a boy without a silly grin. These fools are loved by girls like me. But I think I prefer a tree.

I think that I shall never see a girl refuse a meal that's free, a girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed Upon a drink that's being mixed, a girl who doesn't ever wear a lot of doodads in her hair. Girls are loved by fools like me Cause who on earth would kiss a tree.

—VINCENT CATANZARO

DEPARTMENTS

HUBERT YOLLIN

FLORICULTURE

This amazing department whose work never ceases for any kind of weather, has just completed a very successful year. Successful not only in production but also in revenue. With a bit more help, an even better year is expected in 1946.

The dirt will really fly during the next few months. Enough carnations have been raised to replant the carnation house, about 8,000 plants.



Just as soon as the beds in the other houses can be manured and sterilized with larvacide, the chrysanthemums will be planted. This will take from 10,000 to 11,000 plants. A bed of the large standard mums will probably be planted also. The remainder of the beds will be filled with pompoms.

Plenty of the department's time will be taken up with their many other crops such as Geraniums, Snapdragons, Stocks, and Calendulas.

Beauty such as the beauty of the greenhouse flowers is certainly not meant to be enjoyed by one alone. And so, Mr. Rellis can certainly appreciate a few understanding boys who can not only enjoy the atmosphere but who wouldn't mind doing a few odd jobs, too. (I'll be around later to collect my money, Mr. Rellis.)

HORTICULTURE

So many things happen in Horticulture all the time, that we really find it difficult to know where to start. It might be well to begin by saying that Hort. is quite proud of their new Senior, Nate Kusnitz. It can also be stated that Kusnitz is quite proud of Hort. Now that we have paid our respects, let us get down to the business of the new peach orchard. This new peach block which consists of about a third of the old block, was

cleared of stumps by the bull-dozer early this spring. Almost immediately the ground was prepared for replanting. The following varieties were planted, 300 trees in all: White Hale, Red Rose, Newday, Triogen, Afterglow and Elberta.

All prunings in the peach and apple orchards as well as the vineyards have been collected and burned.

At the time of this writing, all apple orchards have been sprayed four times while the peaches have been sprayed twice.

Horticulture certainly does believe in getting things done on time for the following vegetables have already been planted:

- 1/2 acre of Ebenezer Onion Sets
- 1/2 acre of World's Record Peas
- 1/2 acre of Crosby Egyptian Beets and Tendersweet Carrots
- 1 acre of Golden Acre and Marion Market Cabbage

1/2 acre of Premier, Dorsett, and Catskill

1/4 acre of Lettuce and Spinach

2 acres of Tomatoes

3 acres of Corn—early sweet

Harvesting of Rhubarb and Asparagus is now in order. The department regrets to say, however, that due to the frost after the warm spells, the asparagus yield this year will be very poor.

Now let us take a look at the prospects for the 1945 Fruit Crop. The unusual warm spell in March and April forced all fruit trees to blossom prematurely. A drop in the temperature later, injured the blooms and reduced the prospects of a bumper crop. However, due to the very fine peach site, enough fruit has set to give at least a normal crop. No hand thinning will be necessary this season. The apples, cherries, and plums were also injured and will set only a fair crop.

Because the strawberry blossoms were killed by the frost, the department does not anticipate any problems with strawberry pickers.

AGRONOMY

The passing winter has certainly seen some real work done in General Agriculture Department and as per usual, their schedule is loaded up tight for the coming seasons. Except for the days when it was too cold or snowy for tractors to be taken out, manure was hauled continually from the Dairy and the pile was kept down to the floor.

With the help of a bull-dozer, the department's large program for reclaiming land was stepped up considerably. The big "cat" really took honors when it came to pushing out stumps, leveling land, knocking over trees, cleaning fence rows and countless other minor jobs. This program which also includes the removal of all unnecessary fences, will be kept going at full swing until the fields at Farm

School are an example of good farming practices.

Proving even more that G. A. is really becoming mechanized, a Hay Loader a Corn Planter, a Hay Tedder, and some two-horse cultivators were sold. This old machinery will be used in sections of the country where the topography of the land will not permit tractors.

The department has also had a complete weeding out of horses.



The six best horses now remain to hold down the fort.

In addition to all this, a complete overhauling job was done on all farm machinery, including tractors.

The spring plowing for corn and potatoes is now completed. In fact, the plowing of all corn stubble was completed long before the deadline period which is May 1.

Have a look at the following if you want to know what the boys are going to do this harvest season. Fourteen acres of potatoes were planted—that gives back aches, huh boys? There will be fifty acres of soy beans and 130 acres of corn—brother, that ain't hay! The planting of the corn will certainly be a simple task, what with the new two-row tractor corn planter. In addition to the twelve acres of alfalfa, forty-two acres more were planted with oats. The oats, of course, will act as a nurse crop.

The department's 120 acres of wheat is looking excellent and a terrific yield can be assured. Thirty-three acres of this wheat which is all of the new variety, "Thorne," will be used as certified seed. By the way, in case you're interested, 3,000 bushel of seed-wheat was sold to local farmers last year. The department really intends to make good use of their new string baler; their 200 acres of mixed Timothy and Clover proves it—and brother, that is hay.

Now all Mr. Groman hopes for is a nice large flock of students to get all this work done.

APICULTURE

Judging from the splendid condition of the Apiary, there should be plenty of toothaches this fall.

Because of the drought and poor season last year, the Apiary is even more determined to make good this year.

Although this small but persistent department has only eight colonies, plans have already been made to double this number by dividing each colony in two. The increase will be made possible by the ten Italian Queen Bees which are on order and should arrive from Leroy, Alabama, after this article is written.

Due to the small student body, all Juniors are taking this most interesting course. The class is divided into groups of four, each



group taking charge of one shipping package full of bees. The main purpose of the course is to follow the development of a colony up to its full size.

According to Mr. Schmeider, the clover appears to be in fine condition this year. If it wasn't for the fact that they will cut it at one-half bloom, the bees could really make a harvest. Says Mr. Schmeider, "We only hope that the harvesting machinery will break down."

Due to a little spring feeding and some care, all of the colonies are in good condition and raising a brood. When the honey flow starts, there will be a strong willing army to meet (or eat) it.

Mr. Schmeider reports that he still has hopes for a Farm School Apiary in Montana. The only thing left now is for the board to agree, but they still can't see its full value. No matter, Farm School or Montana, we can get stung equally well at either place.



SCHOOL SPIRIT

Whether you know it or not, there is something lacking in the everyday life here at Farm School. Some call it morale. Others choose to call it school spirit. Without school spirit, the students cannot obtain the most from the various activities that they take part in at school. Let us dispense with this "stab in the back" attitude and get together as a unit of contented agricultural students.

My observation since entering Farm School is that most of the students have acquired an individualistic attitude. In other words, "Hurrah for me and the heck with everyone else." This attitude will never do. We cannot possibly continue this way and expect to get the education we came here to receive. It is my opinion that school spirit influences the performance of each and every one of us.

We live together. Let us all work together. With school spirit we can make our stay at Farm School a more pleasant and beneficial experience.

—AL NERENBERG

SENIOR CLASS

As we look back on the past two years, we six of '46 smile in grim satisfaction. We have been tested and found not wanting.



When the watchword of N. F. S. was individualism, our motto was

cooperation. We have been welded together into a brotherhood.

The past two years of war have left their ugly mark on Farm School. We realized, however, the job that confronts us as seniors. We face the future with all the courage, determination, and love of our Alma Mater that has brought us through these past two years.

We will not let Farm School down in its great hour of need. This issue of the Gleaner is a testimony to the heart of '46, "The Fighting Heart That Can't Be Beaten."

IRRIGATION

DAN TANNENBAUM

"Everyone talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it." This famous quotation made by America's greatest wit, Mark Twain, will live forever in the minds of Americans.

No one is more dependent upon weather conditions than the farmer. Slightly adverse weather conditions may sometimes cause the farmer to lose entire crops.

Due to modern trends in the field of agriculture, it is possible for the ordinary farmer to control the watering of his crops through a comparatively simple but surprisingly effective program of irrigation.

War conditions have greatly increased the needs for agricultural production. The armed forces require an enormous quantity of food and fiber. War workers need more of both than normally, and have the money with which to buy good food and clothing. The lend-lease program also requires enormous quantities of farm products. The demand for food and rehabilitation of war-torn countries will continue long after active hostilities cease.

Under suitable conditions proper irrigation will greatly increase crop yields per unit of farm land. Many operations including seedbed preparation, planting, and harvesting, must be done regardless of the yield of the crop or whether it is irrigated or not. In other words, the amount of crops produced per man-day of labor will be greater on irrigated land than for similar crops on non-irrigated land.

Irrigation is usually essential to the profitable production of most crops wherever the annual rainfall is less than fifteen inches. It often is profitable for general farm crops where the annual rainfall is more than that quantity but occurs primarily during the non-growing season.

Wherever the growth of crops is limited by a shortage of moisture, even for a comparatively short time, irrigation properly applied will increase the crop yield.

Mr. Purmell is hopeful that an irrigation system will be installed for Horticulture in the near future. Under such a program, the Horticulture Department could produce larger and better quality crop yield with a decrease in acreage and labor.

PERSONAL

GIL KATZ

I turned in my seat to relieve an aching back.

"Farm School, Farm School," the conductor cried. At last! That ten-thirty train was always the worst part of an enjoyable week-end. I hurried out and made way up the dark unlevel road. I made a mental note to see someone about having the road illuminated at night.

Suddenly a beam of light pierced the darkness at my right. It appeared near the Hort building and cut through the woods towards me. It stopped every few feet and the bearer of the light bent down, scraped away leaves and grass and seemed to search the ground intently. I stepped behind a tree and watched this strange procedure. Might be Hoffman searching for the keys to the dairy truck, Yollin looking for a cigarette butt, or just Willouer in search of Mr. Fieser's dynamite.



I stepped from behind the tree to catch a better glimpse of this stranger. A twig snapped and the light went out. This searching through the woods at night evidently took place quite often for the stranger knew his way well enough to run in the dark.

I resumed my way up the hill. A door slammed and a light went on in the library. I stealthily approached the door and tried to open it. It was locked! I heard footsteps and the light snapped off. Why was this person afraid of being seen? What was he searching for and what did he want in the library? Perhaps it was Mr. Gorlin searching for edible vegetation in the woods?

I heard a body fall to the ground. The intruder had left the library via the bathroom window. I heard him on the lawn behind the library. Thinking I had left, he resumed his eccentric search. I started to follow but stopped short when I heard a scuffle on the ground.

"I've got it! I've found it!" The voice sounded strangely familiar. The figure raced off to Segal Hall. I remained motionless for a minute and then followed. There was someone in the Chem. Lab. I peeped through the window and could not help roaring with laughter. There he sat, surrounded by textbooks, charts, hatching cages, and microscopes. Yes, you've guessed it, Nat Kusnitz finally found a seventeen-year locust.

HEAVEN IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

KATZ and TANNENBAUM

It has often been said that man is born wicked; his life on earth is but a sinful prelude to an exalted position in some heavenly realm.

It is our opinion that religion has often been misunderstood. People have considered "life" as merely a series of trials and tribulations; a hopeless existence with but one goal—heaven.

There is no reason for not having a heaven on earth. Nature has gifted this world with the makings of a true paradise. It is only for man to mould nature's wonders into a Garden of Eden.

If men were as religious and God fearing as they profess to be, this earth would know no wars, for

THEY WOULD BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOW-
SHARES AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING HOOKS.

NATION WOULD NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST
NATION. NEITHER WOULD THEY LEARN WAR ANY
MORE.

Man must learn to love his fellow man. This is the fundamental requisite for a true heaven on earth.



MY EXPERIENCE in the K-9 CORPS—

or "Going to the Dogs"

PVT. AL CHAMBERLAIN, U. S. A.

One warm day in April of '42, the men of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry woke to the startling revelation that they were no longer the best horsemen at all. To me this was by far the most disappointing thing that could have happened. My whole army career to date had been wrapped around horses, as a horseshoer, horse trainer, and recruit instructor in cavalry horse mastership. Now I found myself just another G. I. among thousands.

After a week or so of trampling around on my blistered feet, the commanding officer of our regiment called me to headquarters. I was asked numerous questions about dogs. Then, I was told that I was being sent on detached service to the K-9 Corps. I was elated, for little did I know what fate held in store for me. I left Fort Bliss, Texas, on the 26th of April and arrived in Beltsville, Maryland, ten days later.

My introduction to the K-9 Corps began the same day. I paid a trip to the kennels where 200 dogs were doing their best to shout each other down. For a week I did nothing but clean those kennels, then I was detailed to feed. I was surprised and impressed to learn that those dogs ate two horses a day, or 1600 pounds of horse meat. After two weeks, I was assigned a dog. He was a big Belgian Shepherd named Raider. I was to have him by my side night and day for the next eight months.

We began training. First came the course in obedience. For hours each day we were out on the training field. When I had him trained to every command and he would execute them all, at the least move of my hand, we started on attack training. This is the most dangerous work a man can undertake in training animals.

It is the natural instinct of a dog to hunt and attack. It's up to the trainer to bring out this instinct and develop it to the finest point, where, at a command, the dog will change from a gentle companion to a ferocious killer. All the trainers took turns as agitators to help with each other's dogs.

The agitator wears an attack suit which is about three inches thick with heavy steel wire running lengthwise every two or three inches. The suit consists of a pair of trousers with a heavy leather belt and a jacket with a heavy leather high collar to protect the agitator's throat. When a man falls in this suit he has to be lifted up as he cannot move his knees or elbows. The agitator also wears a pair of heavy gloves, resembling a pair of hockey goalie's gloves.

The object of agitating is to work with a viciousness that is hard to imagine. Once a dog goes in or attacks, he is encouraged and praised. Soon the dog will attack anyone denoted by his trainer, by the word, "Kill." He is set on guard by the command, "Watch," and will attack any object which moves. Now comes the most trying part of training an attack dog.

During all previous training the dog is permitted to growl and bark all he wants, but now we have to teach him to attack quietly and intelligently. How to sneak up on a man, how to disarm him, how to hold him without hurting him, and how to scent a trespasser! This requires great patience and understanding of your particular dog's mind and ability. At this point, I would like to describe our methods, but they are still a military secret.

When Raider finished his basic training at Beltsville, we were sent to Cat Island in the Gulf of Mexico. I had to ride in the baggage car with him for three days because he never would have let the baggage man do his work.

This Island is about three miles long and a half mile wide. It is a jungle Isle and I never would have believed such a place existed in the Continental United States. By now you have guessed the purpose of our being there—to give Raider his jungle training. What went on there,



I am not at liberty to say, but I had many harrowing experiences with dogs.

After two months on Cat Island Raider was transferred to the Marine Corps and went to the Southwest Pacific, where he has been highly praised for his accomplishments.

I started all over again with another dog and finished up with him in Australia where he was transferred to the Coast Guard. My old regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, was by this time going into action so I rejoined them and before we received our quota of dogs, I was wounded and returned to the United States.

ALUMNI NEWS

GIL KATZ

Lenny Roth of the class of forty has just returned from thirty-one months overseas. He was discharged at Fort Dix after seeing action in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Burma.

Joe Stone of the class of forty-six is attending signalman school at Bainbridge, Maryland.

Howie Kramer of the class of forty-six was home on furlough, but didn't have time to visit us. Seems he's got a girl in Madison, Wisconsin. Howie is stationed at Boca Raton Field, Fla.

Hal Leiber of the forty-six class finally wormed his way into a terrific racket in the Navy. He spent many months in San Diego, California, digging ditches and sweeping streets.

Jerry Warsaw and Julie Spracher, inseparable room mates while at school, have both announced their engagements. Both are in the Navy. Julie at Norman, Okla., and Jerry at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Jack Leiber of the class of forty-four is stationed somewhere in Europe. He is undoubtedly waging war with his famous camera.

Davy Goodman, my old boss in the sports department, has secured a position on the farm of John Kimber, the famous poultry breeder. The farm is located at Niles, California.

Toby Goldoftus of the class of forty-four is in his sophomore year at Michigan State and is doing very well. He's majoring in General Agriculture.

Jack Gurewitz, often referred to as the slowest eater at Farm School, is working at a vitamin factory in New Jersey.

Joe Weiss of the forty-four class is working on a dairy farm at Stockton, California.

Howie Rosov, forty-six, famous member of the Elgart clan, has been in Europe for some time. He was stationed in Germany when last heard from.

THROUGH THE LITERARY STRIP-CUP

DAN TANNENBAUM

"COOPERATIVE LIVING IN PALESTINE" by Hendrik F. Infield

Dr. Henrik F. Infield, the author, was a citizen of Vienna where his writings made him known as a sociologist. In the course of his escape from Hitlerism, he arrived in Palestine where he gathered the materials for the present volume.

Living in Palestine's cooperative communities, Dr. Infield was able to observe intimately the problems, struggles, and achievements of these communities.

"Cooperative Living in Palestine," therefore, is not only the report of a trained scientific observer, it is also the record of a human significant communal undertaking.

"YOUR CAREER IN AGRICULTURE" by H. P. Anderson

In an exciting and interesting manner, Mr. Anderson introduces this career both to boys already on the farm and to those who contemplate turning to it. He tells of the new developments in farm machinery and methods. He points out that there is a great demand today for young men who can supply new ideas for the uses of agricultural bi-products.

The author calls upon boys with intelligence, pioneer spirit and planning ability, to turn to the land.

The American farm needs new blood, new minds, and new hands. This provocative book should do much to lessen the flow of boys into trades and industries where their personalities and abilities are too easily swamped, and to direct them towards the healthier, more satisfying life in Agriculture.

"ELECTRICITY—IN THE HOME & ON THE FARM"

by Forrest B. Wright

The first part of this book consists of a series of practical jobs arranged in order of difficulty; Part II comprises eleven chapters of text dealing with the fundamentals of electricity.

"GARDENING—A COMPLETE GUIDE" by Montague Free

This book may truly be called the most practical and comprehensive one-volume garden guide of our day. The unusually numerous photographs and simplified diagrams make it simple enough to be easily understood by the novice as well as by expert gardeners.

"EARTH'S GREEN MANTEL" by Sydney Mangham

In this popularly written yet scientifically accurate account of plant life, Dr. Mangham discusses the inter-relationships between plants and their natural haunts. He sees plants as among the most marvelous of all machines since they build, run, and repair themselves. He gives glimpses of the wonder and beauty of plant form and architecture.

The varied aspects of plants and their influence, which Dr. Mangham covers, seem limitless. He tells of the early explorations and discoveries when the search was for spices from the Orient; of the 16th century immigration of the potato from South America to the continent of Europe; of the detection and prevention of that fungus which attacks New England clays; of the Dutch use of Marrani grass to stabilize sand dunes and of cord grass to reclaim shallow lands from the ocean.

"HORTUS SECOND" by L. H. Bailey and E. Z. Bailey

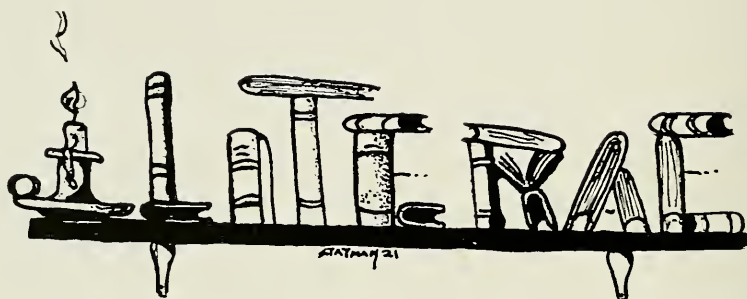
"Hortus Second" is a ready reference handbook for all who have occasion to use information about plants. It gives brief descriptions, correct botanical and common names, and notes on culture and propagation for every group of plants known to be in cultivation in the United States and Canada. It is of great value to gardeners, botanists, teachers, students, etc.

"PRACTICAL POULTRY MANAGEMENT" by Rice and Botsford

"Practical Poultry Management" has assembled the latest and most up-to-date discoveries of poultry-science. In it are discussed the accepted practices of the most progressive poultrymen.

This text thoroughly covers the role of vitamins, research in incubation and brooding; the cause, prevention, and control of poultry diseases, and the principles of breeding.

(All the books reviewed in this column are available in the National Farm School Library.)



LET DOWN

ALVIN DANENBERG

I wandered alone o'er hill and dale
My spirits broken, wan and pale;
I pondered, worried head in hand,
Weakened knees, I could not stand.

Storm-lashed clouds, tortuous sun;
The streets unrolling one by one—
Still the faltering, stumbling tread.
Still the worried cast-down head.

The ever increasing gnawing
growl,
The claminess of want, stinking
foul.
The bony hand clutching crawling
guts.
Result of the search? No cigarette
butts.!



ALWAYS A STUDENT

DAN TANNENBAUM

On a cold bleak day in March, 1912, in the city of Minsk, Russia, Philip Gorlin, the son of a teacher and rabbi, was born.

One summer in the year 1919, the Gorlin family found themselves stranded in their summer home thirty miles from Minsk. Polish troops had invaded Russia.

The family hid in the cellar of their home for several days while Polish soldiers ransacked the house. Mr. Gorlin's collie dog was riddled with machine-gun bullets by fanatical soldiers.

In December of 1924, after traveling through Latvia, Berlin, and Rotterdam, the Gorlin family invaded the United States.

While attending high school, Mr. Gorlin also went to Hebrew Teachers' Institute at Yeshiva College in New York for three years.

After graduation from high school, Mr. Gorlin found employment in various drug stores as a junior pharmacist.

In 1934, the call of Mother Nature was too strong, and he consequently enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps for six months. His position in the C. C. C. included such work as reforestation, dam construction, and soil conservation in Virginia.

In 1934, Philip Gorlin entered The National Farm School. At the Farm School, he specialized in horticulture and was valedictorian of his class.

Upon graduation, he found employment on a 300-acre orchard in Connecticut.

A short time later, after taking a competitive scholarship examination sponsored by Rutgers University, Mr. Gorlin was awarded a four-year scholarship.

In September of 1938, he invaded New Brunswick, New Jersey with \$50 in his pocket and an old jalopy that faintly resembled an automobile. After his funds were almost exhausted, Mr. Gorlin landed some odd jobs at night paying thirty cents an hour. He also tutored students in Botany and worked in the plant pathology laboratory.

During the day time, he attended Rutgers where he managed to maintain a B to an A average. At Rutgers he was taking enough subjects to complete the normal four-year course in only two and one-half years.

In April of 1939, with all funds exhausted, Mr. Gorlin received notice that he had passed a Civil Service examination for immediate employment as Gardener in the Department of Parks in New York City.

Later on that year, Mr. Gorlin married. While working at his Civil Service position, he found time to continue Ornamental Horticulture classes at New York University, and numerous courses offered at the Brooklyn Botanical Garden.

Mr. Gorlin is on the eligible list for the following city and state Civil Service positions:

Park Foreman—New York City

Health Inspector—New York City

Horticultural Inspector—Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine (U. S. D. A.)

He returned to N. F. S. in the Spring of 1943 as Extension Horticulturist of the Victory Garden Demonstration Project at Jenkintown, Pa.

In the Fall of 1943, he became Librarian of the Farm School Library.

Mr. Gorlin expects to continue his Civil Service career in agriculture as soon as circumstances permit.

IT FINALLY CAME

NAT KUSNITZ

After spending seventeen years underground, the periodical cicada will finally emerge from its subterranean life into a new world. From the latter part of May to the early part of June, these seventeen year locusts will emerge in large numbers.

Nearly every tree along the eastern seaboard is apt to be a host of the periodical cicada. The insect will soon emerge from its pupal stage. Before pupating, the pupa clings to a twig, weed, or piece of grass. The pupal skin splits along the back and a milky white adult with red eyes emerges.



The males are the first to hatch, in this particular instance. The female follows two or three days later. When a majority of the insects have hatched, signals are sounded for all the thousands of adults to prepare to enter the new world. These signals are burr sounds which the males make by means of a pair of drums situated near the ends of the wings.

After hatching, the females lay eggs and start the long cycle all over again. Laying her eggs in the twig of a tree, the female deposits twenty-four to twenty-eight eggs at one time. She lays from five hundred to six hundred eggs during her lifetime. Having laid her eggs, the insect falls to the ground and dies.

The eggs hatch into larvae in six to eight weeks. These larvae fall to the earth and immediately make their way underground. They spend the next seventeen years feeding on the juices of roots. For this purpose, the larvae are equipped with sucking mouth parts. People interested in studying these strange insects should make it a point to save a few. Specimens will undoubtedly be quite scarce until nineteen sixty-two.



CANTEEN

The proprietors of the Canteen wish to thank the student body for its fine support of the store during



times when favorite brands of candy were so scarce.

This is your Canteen, fellows. Make it a store to be proud of. Help the proprietors to keep it clean.

Any suggestions for the betterment of the Canteen will be appreciated.

The Canteen now has on hand a complete line of toilet articles and writing equipment.

—G. K.

Letters to the Editor

INTRAMURAL PROGRAM

Dear Editor:

The intramural program has proven itself to be a fine recreational outlet for the boys at Farm School. The purpose of this program, when organized, was to provide a means of recreation for those unable to make the varsity. There are a few students who are not fulfilling their obligation in this program. This shows a definite lack of school spirit on the part of some students.

For those who haven't been coming out there are finer things in life than working, so wise up "you guys" and get into the swing of things.

—PHIL HOFFMAN

U. S. D. A. MOVIES

Now that the summer term is in full swing with our weekly movies entertainment, some of us wonder why we cannot have periodical technical films pertaining to agriculture. It certainly is fine to have expensive motion picture entertainment during the summer lull. Why not continue with the educational program at N. F. S. by procuring some inexpensive educational pictures from the U. S. D. A.?

Such a program would enable all those serious-minded students who really possess interest in agriculture to keep up with the latest trends.

Prompt action should be taken on this matter.

—DAN TANNENBAUM



BAND

The band opens its nineteen forty-five season with a nucleus of only five musicians. These members of the band realize their obligations to the school and to their fellow students and will continue to render their regular Wednesday afternoon concerts. The band will also be present at all football games.

The situation is however very serious. The band is vitally in need of more members. We will supply without charge, instruments and professional instruction. Any student is eligible to play in the band. For information see G. Katz.



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**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
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A FRIEND

**WHAT IS
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